

Where The Lost Become Found

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Summary: Harry is abandoned on Mt. Ebott by his aunt. Toriel left her husband after their two children died. Alone, they are broken and lost souls. Together, they are a family. (A Toriel raises Harry fanfic.)

Where The Lost Become Found

****I do not own Undertale or Harry Potter****

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><p>In the depths of Mount Ebott, underneath the starry night sky, a lone five-year-old boy sat by himself in a hollow of a rotted tree. His dark black hair was matted from days of neglect, and his over-sized black t-shirt and khaki shorts barely clung to his body. It had been evident that he had been crying. His cheeks were grimy due to the dried tears, and his emerald green eyes were puffy and red. The boy didn't care if he was crying though.<p>

Harry Potter didn't care much about anything anymore.

The young child let out a bitter laugh as he remembered how his happiness was torn away from him, and the memories from the day before came rushing back at once. He remembered how Mrs. Figg, the next door neighbor, was too busy to watch him this week while his so-called family went on vacation. He remembered how his aunt finally managed to convince his uncle to let him come along. He remembered feeling so happy that for once in his life he wouldn't be excluded. That for once, maybe, just maybe, his aunt, uncle and cousin would show him an act of love.

But that was before his aunt and uncle dropped him off in the middle of nowhere to fend for himself.

The abandonment still stung like a sharpened knife, and Harry felt

his heart tear into two. He had thought that he would finally be able to spend time with his aunt and uncle. That maybe they would see he wasn't such a bad kid after all. That he wasn't a freak, and was capable of being of a good kid! He had day-dreams of his aunt hugging him, and his uncle ruffling his hair, and that they would both say they were sorry for being so mean! But then, on the way to the resort, when their yellow car pulled over to the side of the road, Harry knew something was wrong. Even his cousin in the car seat next to him didn't know what was going on. Then he was viciously torn from the car by his aunt's cruel grasp.

His aunt had drug him up the mountain, and Harry remembered how cold and shaky her hand was in his. It wasn't until he reached the top did he notice the small backpack in her arms. She threw it around his shoulders, and left faster than she came. Her parting words were still stained into his mind.

_"You're a monster, a freak, nobody would ever love you." _

The word's replayed over and over inside his head, and Harry wished that something would block the negative noise. But nothing could save him from his dark thoughts as he rocked himself back and forth in the hollow of the tree. He didn't know how long he had sat there. The sun had already gone down and night came with haste. Harry had already eaten the sandwich in the small backpack, and only had a small bit of water left. The only thing left in his backpack was a new change of clothes (still way too large for him) and one more water bottle. Obviously, his aunt only gave him enough to last a day or two, nothing more.

Harry let out another small cry as a blast of cold hit his bare arms.

Harry never thought that he would miss his cupboard (where he slept with the Dursleys), but he did. The night-time was cold, and the small breezes of wind blew away all chances of warmth. He shivered as he curled deeper into his hollow. He wanted a pillow to rest his head on, or a door so he would know he was safe, or even the small hand heater he had gotten for his fourth birthday. The black-haired child looked up at the stars, and wished desperately that he had somebody who loved him. But deep down inside he knew he could never be loved.

He was a monster after all.

Then with a final, soft cry, the young boy fell asleep.

Morning came faster than it had went, and soon the sun rose from the horizon. The sunlight streamed inside the woods, waking all of the creatures there from their deep slumbers. Deer came out to graze, squirrels ran about collecting food, and every animal rose to find a nice, sunshiny day in Mount Ebott. Well, except for one small human sleeping in a tree hollow. Harry was still deep asleep when the large animal approached him.

Harry murmured as something wet and soft nuzzled his cheek.

The boy, still holding on to the clutches of sleep, though slightly pushed the thing away before turning onto his side. The thing breathed warm air onto his face, and Harry sneezed. Opening his eyes

slightly, the boy came face to face with a tall doe staring right at him. The doe looked it's black eyes with Harry's and Harry instantly wanted to reach out to touch the doe's soft fur. He almost did, but quickly stopped himself. Harry froze as he remembered that his kindergarten teacher told him that wild deer were dangerous. (He had been chasing one, and had gotten a lecture for it.) The doe however, didn't seem dazed by the young child, and nuzzled it's nose into his cheek. Harry giggled, forgetting his caution.

Then a loud grumble broke through the clearing, and Harry clutched onto his stomach. He hadn't eaten since the night before, and his stomach grumbled in protest. However, Harry was used to hunger, and wasn't fazed by the emptiness in his stomach. The tall doe was frightened by the loud noise though, and quickly dashed away from the young boy.

"Ah, wait!" Harry cried out chasing after it. It seemed like such a friendly deer, and his child-like mind had wanted to play with it. The boy chased after the brown blur in front of him, trying to keep it in his sights. Minutes into the chase though, Harry's eyes widened as the deer's form disappeared into the woods, and Harry couldn't help but feel abandoned once more. Something about the deer triggered something in him, and he had associated it with safety. His aunt's words echoed in his mind for what seemed to be the thousandth time.

_Freak. Monster. Nobody would ever love you. Freak.
Monster..._

Harry cried out as his foot got caught on a vine, and he tripped. However, as he fell forward he hadn't realized he had been in front of a very large hole. He fell inside the large abyss with no chance of recovering, and Harry knew that this would probably be the end. He fell though the hole with a frightening speed, and the small light that had been the opening became smaller and smaller in the distance. The young child knew there was no way he could survive a fall from this height. It was impossible, or at least that's what all of common sense said. The moment of impact arrived in a blink of the eye, and Harry cried out along with sickening sound of something snapping. Harry expected to die instantly, but realized that he was still barely alive. The whole side of his body (where he fell) was stabbed with pain, and Harry felt his eyes starting to slowly droop shut.

He wondered slightly if he was going to die there. He tried to keep his eyes focused on something to keep them open (he heard shutting your eyes was a very, very bad thing) but the more he looked around the sleepier he became.

The first thing that he noticed was the yellow flowers around him. The name of the flower quickly slipped Harry's mind, and he scrambled through his memory for the word. However, the word stayed at the tip of his tongue, and the boy couldn't remember it. Was it a daisy? No, that wasn't quite right. He had taken care of both daisies and these flowers in his aunt's garden, and these weren't daisies. As his focus stayed on the flower, he failed to notice the figure making it's way quickly across the room. But even if he had, he probably wouldn't have cared.

A looming shadow fell across him, and for a few seconds he thought he saw a tall white goat. But goats couldn't walk upright, so that

couldn't be it... His vision was quickly fading , and the next few seconds he felt something warm and soft pick him up into it's arms. He welcomed the warmth without hesitation. What was the worst it could do? Kill him? He was already dying, so there wasn't any point. His bleary vision then dropped back to the flowers on the ground below him. Then as he faded out of conscious he had one parting thought.

_ 'Oh yeah...they were called buttercups.' _

* * *

><p>AN: And so Harry enters the Underground! Next chapter should be posted in a few days. Sorry this chapter was kind of short, but I wanted to get the beginning over with. The fun begins next chapter. I bet you guys can guess who picked Harry up. **

I have a lot of ideas for this story so here a few glimpses of whats to come:

Mommy!Toriel,

ReallyProtectiveMommy!Toriel,

ReallyProtectiveandOvereagerMommy!Toriel

Torielraised!Harry

**And that's only for the next chapter. **

Until then! R&R

End
file.